Seasonal Silver

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The purpose of this magazine/newsletter is to express a love of Nature and a basically Humanitarian point of view. That whatever our beliefs, gender, color, sexual preference--or whatever makes us unique individual human beings--we CAN get along with and love each other.
And we CAN love and respect
Her: our Mother
the Earth

This is a seasonal/quarterly magazine/newsletter. Staff includes Donna Lyon Rhose, Ariadiana, Geoffrey Pfaff, Miguel, Jaime Redwing, Gil Wyndel, Crystal Drajun and Arion.

With special thanks to Gary.

Special contributors: LEW PAXTON PRICE (CALIFORNIA), PAT (WASHINGTON STATE), CASSANDRA (NEW MEXICO), and ATHOS (TEXAS).

EDITORIAL

THE REFLECTIVE WOODS

I have read and heard a lot of various arguments about initiations- self, group, degrees, levels--on and on. Initially, I was solitary for a long time; then, for about four or five years, I involved myself in various groups; then, I returned to solitary about three years ago. I've had self-initiation, group initiation, and "others". My self-initiation was very profound and involved a life/death aspect. For me, it was far more profound than the group initiations conferred on me--though, that is not to belittle anyone's group initiation.

WHEN I self-initiated, a change (so profound it has followed me to this day) was born within me; it is the Source of my poetry, the direction of my Path, the Well of my inspiration. I devoted myself to the Lady of the Raven, the White Lady- and She in turn looked in my direction and "DEMANDED" that I be what I demanded of Her to make me. And it has not mattered whether I believed at all times--whether I always looked in Her direction- She has been true to Her word--now I must be true to mine. Is that not how one truly passes through the Doors?

WHEN I was involved in groups, I was not entirely comfortable with the format- whether stated as degrees (too nebulous) or as elements (not at my personal direction), I got lost in all the pushings toward goals that were neither mine nor those, I felt, directed by the White Lady. Confusion and dissatisfaction resulted- and as I (had and) have no desire to be High Priestess, taking the traditional initiations did not lead me toward any special inner or outer training for the High Priestess role, nor bring any particular enlightenment.

SPIRAL Gathering was what I term an "Other" Initiation- and I cannot thank the High Priestess of the High Ritual enough for that extroardinary experience which included so many! My face has never been so wet, nor the Earth Mother so real as when She, through us-with us-from us, gave birth to Her Spiritual Star Child. Though not said as such, it was the initiation of a Lifetime and I look forward to seeing the changes it will bring in me and the others who shared this powerful gathering.

THERE is a very wide spectrum of initiations beside the basic ones used in the Craft. Looking over the vast field of mythology- the various Gods and Goddesses--some study into them may show a wide variety as to possible initiations into the various forces of Nature. I believe there are others- like myself--who don't quite 'fit' the basic coven scheme,

who may actually acquire more individual, particular initiation. And being individuals, would there not be an almost endless variety of initiations anyway?

I think the real argument lies in what happens 'inside' you when you go through initiation. Initiation is not ritual, words, symbols, or enactment. It is the effect it has on you. No one can judge, except the God/dess Within and the person whether or not an initiation is valid. There can be no competition in initiation- yet, many of us experience the one-upmanship of people (as well as ourselves) running around saying literally and figuratively, "I'll show you mine, if you show me yours." Once, long ago, a very Wise Old One said: "He who says does not know, he who knows does not say."

INITIATION is an effect, a passing over to the next stage of development. One can study for years yet never pass through the Door- only something spiritual- something inner- can do that. Neither you nor your High Priest/ess can do it until the God/dess makes it so. Look to the God/desses in your self- They hold the real Keys.

INITIATION is personal, whether done by self, in group, or in "other" situations. It is unseemly to demand that anyone show us theirs (before we grant them confirmation of Self) and to give into moral blackmail of being forced to "show ours" (in order to confirm Self). Initiation is just like everything else in life--it's not that you've got it (or how you got it)--it's how you use it. The true Initiate is loving, strong, powerful, judges properly, balances the polarities, is creative, understanding, a blessing to all around him/her. Initiation means Growth in Wisdom- at least in the Craft of the Wise--even here, it is by our fruits that you shall know us.

by Donna Lyon Rhose

H E L P H E A L A . I . D . S .

YOU ARE INVITED
to join in a world-wide observance of healing
held for 5 minutes each day at 7 PM in your time zone.
All over the world, people will be mentally joining
together for 5 minutes of prayer, meditation, visualization, or
constructive thought directed towards the healing of
persons with A.I.D.S.
PLEASE JOIN US
The Healing Project, 729 Oak Street,
San Francisco, CA, 94117; 415/522-3038.

CRY FOR HELP
From The Coven of Dawn

The Coven of Dawn, a prison coven, is experiencing severe problems functioning as a religious group. Prison officials are refusing to recognize Wicca as a "true" religion and are attempting to disband the group. The coven has been (and will continue) fighting legally--but, they need help materially/spiritually. What happens to this group can have a strong effect on the legal status of other prison Pagan/alternative groups. PLEASE HELP! Write to: Donald Allen, Commissioner of Corrections, State House Station 111, Augusta, ME, 04333 and James E. Tierney, Department of the Attorney General, State House Station 6, Augusta, ME, 04333, Attention: David J. Perdins (with copies to Dave Chamberlain, P.O. Box A B-6, Thomaston, Maine, 04861). THANK YOU!!

Astrology

THE OLDEST SCIENCE (I)

by

Lew Paxton Price

Have you ever looked up the definition of the word "science"? According to my dictionary, it has the following meanings: (1) knowledge as of facts, phenomena, laws, and proximate causes, gained and verified by exact observation, organized experiment, and correct thinking; (2) an exact and systematic statement or classification of knowledge concerning some subject or group of subjects; (3) any department of knowledge in which the results of investigation have been systematized in the form of hypotheses and general laws subject to verification. The foregoing definitions emphasize facts, systematized knowledge, and verification. Perhaps the oldest science to lay claim to these things is the one most recently practiced by such men as Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, and Newton. Oh yes, you say, they were astronomers. No--they were astrologers. Modern astronomy and psychology are descendants of the ancient science of Astrology which reached its highest known pinnacle in Babylon during the Chaldean Renaissance.

It is the vogue today to ridicule the old science. Everyone is on the bandwagon to bow to the sacred cow of modern science which chooses to go so far as to lie about the true nature of some of our most revolutionary scientists. "The stars can't influence my life" is a common objection to Astrology. This shows the depth to which some people have studied Astrology--as astrology deals with planets not stars. "I read my horoscope in the daily paper for a week and it never made sense in terms of my life," another critic says. He is one of the gullible because he believes that the "horoscope" in the paper is <u>real</u> astrology in action. He doesn't know that such "horoscopes" are based on <u>only</u> the position of the sun for that day. They are comparable to predicting the course of a horserace when all you know is the name of one horse.

Then there is the religious one who states: "The Bible says we should not practice astrology and astrologers will burn in hell." Little does this one realize that the Wisemen who attended Jesus were astrologers or that <u>Numbers 2</u> of the Bible is a set of instructions on how to erect an Astrological natal chart. <u>Genesis 49</u> is also loaded with astrological information. Much of the Bible came from Babylon--the Hebrews had the knack of collecting all good information that came their way. Even the Hebrew alphabet was collected--compliments of their worst enemy the Assyrians.

Most of us believe that the practice of astrology is the same as fortune telling. Nothing could be further from the truth. The real Astrologer knows that the future is not fixed until it happens. Astrology can and does predict influences. If your spouse has a bad cold that makes him innattentive, you say "drive carefully" as he leaves the house. You are predicting the cold will influence him to be less attentive to the task of driving the car. If you say that the planets can't influence your life, please realize that "planet" means "wanderer" referring to <u>all</u> bodies that wander in the heavens. This includes the sun and moon (it was the later-day astronomers who changed the meaning of the word "planet") both of which are very obvious examples of planets that <u>do</u> influence you. If you do not believe this, go out to the edge of the sea at low tide, pitch your tent, stay there a day. If you stay in your tent without moving it when the tide comes in, we will agree that the planets definitely do not influence you.

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<u>The Covenant of the Goddess' Children's</u> committee is currently compiling materials suitable for Pagan children and children new to Paganism. There is a special interest in information on child God/desses. Send materials to: Bone Blossom, 315 Precita Street, San Francisco, CA, 94110.

TRADITIONS:

Vernal Equinox

by Ariadiana

Early morning.

Dawn softly, shyly tiptoes through gray-silver fog.

She glistens the sky rosey-golden from the candle of Her young golden Sun.

DRESSED in New Clothes, carrying candles, people, chanting, walk up the hill thru morning breezes across cool sweet earth. The Head of the village (in ancient times, the Druid Priest; New Times the Christian minister) lifts his head, heart, and hands to greet the Rising Sun. As the Sun rises, the Great Fire is lighted. Love and joy come from within their hearts, as the people feeling the Two-Fold Light lift up their hands in Thanksgiving for sprouting fields, growing baby animals, assured abundance within their own lives. A Hare, sacred to the Goddess Eostre, jumps into view, and the people send up praises for She, as Hare and Bringer of Abundance, has made Her Presence known. The Hymn-Dance of Life is begun as the people form the Holy Circle and begin to raise their energy: uplifting thanksgiving to the downcoming promise. As the people sing and dance, the energy raises higher and higher. Their hearts are full, their eyes see clearly, their arms are raised in receipt for that which is to come. They listen deeply and hear Her words:

AS I REACH DOWN, YOU MUST REACH UP.
I would not have you a slave to false ideas of
My whims or irrational desires.
I would have you come freely to Me--not thru fear, nor guilt nor
man-made terrors of soul nor heart.
But, come to Me, in Love and Joy, in Singing and Dancing,
I hold you, yes--but Lovingly;
I would never bind you--I hold your freedom far more dearly
than even you do.
I AM THE MOTHER.
Your Mother. And the Mother of all that lives.
I am the Mother, not only of this place, this planet,
this time--But, forever and always.
I am Your Mother, the Mother of Earth, the Mother of Eternity,
the Mother of Gods.
What then, my little stars, my bright shinings,
does that make you?
I am Your Mother.
And, I love you.

THEY feel Her love enfolding them, assuring Good Harvest on all the levels. The people return to the village where wreaths (Holy Circle of Life) decorate doors and homes; eggs dyed red, orange, golden (Renewing Sun/Fertility) are shared with family and friends, a thanksgiving meal is eaten with spiced oat cakes for dessert. Small shining energy weavings gently bind the people securely within themselves, within each other, within the Many, the Two, the One. The people are satisfied and fully nourished in Light, Love, Joy, Life, Power, Wisdom.

MAY THE LADY STAND BETWEEN YOU AND HARM AND THE EMPTY PLACES YOU WALK.

Blessed Equinox, Blessed Be!

As The Cauldron Bubbles

by Aridiana

As sorceress of three counties, Xandarza had a lot of work to do. She had to grant wishes (tiresome, when people always wanted more than the usual three), turn enough toads into handsome princes to keep the women in the three counties happy, fight evil wherever she found it (and it lurked everywhere), keep the wells from running dry, and make sure that everyone was as happy as they could possibly be within the realms of realistic expectations.

One day, as Xandarza was turning some common pebbles into diamonds and rubies for a local burgermeister, she noticed that her zaps were just a little off. After she finished her task, she decided to visit the Wizard, Buddy Tenfingers.

"You must help me, Dr. Tenfingers. My zaps are just a bit off," Xandarza's eyes fluttered prettily- just this side of helpless. She was well aware that she was adorable when she fluttered her large violet eyes.

"But, of course! You know there's nothing I wouldn't do for you," answered Buddy Tenfingers, "however, there will have to be a fee. I can't rezap shaky zaps for free. If the word got around..."

"Oh, name your price," fluttered Xandarza even though every bell in her head went off. She'd just flunked the first lesson in sorcery-- fluttering always got Xandarza into trouble.

Ah! Just what I had hoped you would say," grinned Buddy Tenfingers through his sparkling white, yet somehow very sharp (why hadn't she noticed them before?) teeth.

"Here you go," said the Docter, as he waved his wand over her head, "now your zaps are restored."

"Well, what is your fee?" asked Xandarza flinching inwardly.

"That you will become my beloved wife!"

"Oh dear," said Xandarza who was quite definitely a traditional sorceress as well as a radical feminist (when she was in the mood), "this is a dilemma."

Will Xandarza be forced to become the Wizard Tenfingers' beloved wife?

Could Xandarza protect her zaps by taking more vacations rather than trusting Wizards to heal them?

Why did Balboa tell Unihyg her hair reminded him of seaweed? What is his secret plan?

Read the next issue to find out these answers or others, As the Cauldron Bubbles.

★★★★★ Miguel's Herbs ★★★★★

WITCH HAXEL -- Use extract on heat-rash, skin inflammations, minor burns, and swelling. It's amazing how fast they disappear!!

ALOE VERA -- A beautiful plant and a wonderful healer of burns and chapped hands. Cut the leaf and squeeze the gel out and over the affected area.

WATER -- Whenever there are burns, a cold or flu, the body dehydrates. DRINK PLENTY OF WATER!! Add a pinch of CAYENNE or a bit of SALT to help against shock.

PEPPERMINT -- As a tea, it will help rid you of digestive pain and diarrhea. For headache, use fresh leaves and press lightly into the temple area of the head.

LIFE AT HEWESCLIFF

Mixing concrete and mortar is a wonderful way of teaching one-self patience. There is much to it that reminds me of mixing a cake batter. I was very surprised to realize that concrete is mixed with small rocks (I'm not sure what I thought was in there, but I never questioned concrete before). Mortar is minus the rocks, but adds lime so that it may set quickly--it is like mixing a cake, the ingredients have to be "just right" or it won't set right or adhere properly. When concrete is poured, it must have the rocks packed in with a stick, then smoothed on top so that you don't see any rocks. All in all, concrete is the formation of artificial rocks. And, now you know what kind of fun I've been having on weekends of late! Next, I get to help put up some of the siding--and the adventure continues!

The heat of the day
scalds me--
and makes me wet.
The sun has kept me--
hiding, hiding away,
as I await
the breath of winter,
a taste of autumn.

The sleep of a Goddess,
yields the birth of a spirit.
How alive am I--
when the earth is cold!

A Song of Life

You flew above my head--
Sweet bluebird--
to your nest.

Your song is so full of life,
your wisdom lies beyond us,
and in us,
as I smile--
and leave you to your happy work.

by Crystal Drajun

PAGANS FOR PEACE Newsletter: Send inquiries of publication status to Sam Wagar, Dragonfly Farm, Lake St. Peter, Ontario, KOL 2KO, Canada.

OPEC NEWS--Cross-Quarterly Networking Newsletter/Published by Ozark Pagan Ecumenical Council/$8/yr.--Sample $1. OPEC, P.O. Box 605, Springdale, AR, 72764.

W E I R D
A quarterly paper
Pittsburgh Pagan Alliance
$7/yr--$2/ sample
Checks payable to:
G. Brown, P.O. Box 624,
Mouroeiville, PA, 15146

GAIA FESTIVAL, July 2-6, 1986. Pre-register or forbrochure, contact: Gaia Festival Registration, 2237 W. Morse Avenue, Chicago, IL, 60645-4850. Proceeds from Gaia Festival to be donated to HEARTLAND.

WHISPERS FROM THE WELL: The Golden Wheel, by Ariadiana. Mystical Poetry for each Month. Parchment. Copies $2.50 ea. Obtain thru Seasonal Silver, P.O. Box 189, Alpharetta, GA 30201

SHADDOW BOOK REVIEW

ASTROLOGY--THE MUSIC OF LIFE by Lew Paxton Price
Eternal Enterprises, P.O. Box 60913, Sacramento, California, 95860.
$12.00.

Reviewed by Donna L. Rhose

Being geared more to Mythology and Poetry, Astrology has never been one of my strong points because so much of it is necessarily rather dry with its need for mathematics. (I have enough trouble with simple addition--let alone actually getting into geometry and such.)

However, this book has proven to be a lovely surprise for me. Relating various energies through Mythology and seeing the mathematical aspects through a musical perspective helps to relay Astrological concepts to someone more geared to the humanities. For once I easily followed what was being said to me.

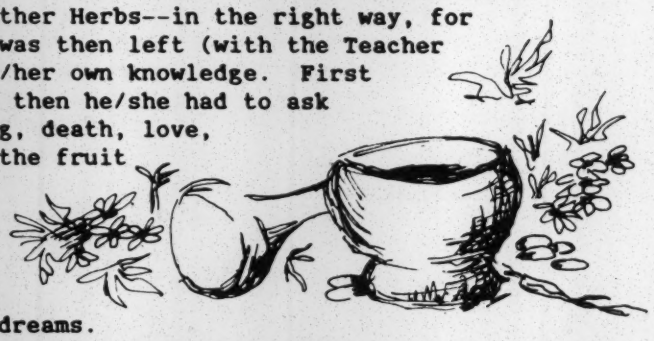
It is not a book for learning how to cast a chart but it is a wonderful book for those who've had difficulty grasping the concepts that underlie Astrology. However, I don't really see it as a book for beginners, per se. An understanding of at least some esoteric logic is in order here. It would also be helpful to have at least a little background in music.

All in all, I thoroughly enjoyed the book and feel it is well progressed and presented. A welcome addition.

The Master Book of Herbalism by Paul Beyerl (1984)
Phoenix Publishing Company, Box 10, Custer, Washington, 98240
$13.95

by Ariadiana

In the old days, after the student had spent many hours studying and learning, the Day of the Test came. The Teacher took the Student into the fields and told him/her to gather Herbs--in the right way, for the proper reasons. The student was then left (with the Teacher following silently behind) to his/her own knowledge. First the Student had to find the herb, then he/she had to ask the herb what its use was: healing, death, love, dreams; then the Student plucked the fruit of the fields with the proper implement at the correct hour, and smelling it, touching it, TASTING it, learned quickly and ineradicably whether the herb was indeed for healing, death, love, dreams.



Today most of us don't have a Wise Old Teacher to follow silently behind us as we search the hills and fields (or local co-op store)--but, perhaps just as good, and certainly safer, we do have a book on Herbs written by Paul Beyerl. Besides listing healing (and magickal) herbs, their properties, descriptions, and uses, Mr. Beyerl teaches every herbal use from Amulets to Zodiacal correspondences. He covers preparing herbs for their various functions; alternate names they are known by (a frustration for many of us--"Well, is thorn the same as Hawthorn?"); correspondences between herbs, gemstones, Tarot, astrology, and the Deities; ritual herbs for the eight sabbats, Moons, Purifications, Wickenings, Hand-fastings, and funerals. The book is written in plain but charming (almost like having a Wise Old Teacher standing at your elbow) English that can't be misunderstood. Definite moral ethics are presented in a way that cannot be misconstrued (by anyone). Whether you are a neophyte, intermediate, or Master of herbology, this book would be an excellent addition to your library. HIGHLY Recommended.

THE KWAN YIN BOOK OF CHANGES, Diane Stein, Llewllyn Publications, 1985
Reviewed by: Jaime Redwing

The I Ching, a divinatory system centuries old, has been reinterpreted in feminist terms in the Kwan Yin Book of Changes. The God/Emperor of traditional texts has been replaced by a vision of a woman-only communal government where Earth and Goddess have the highest authority. This is disturbing to this reader in two senses: (1) the disregard for history (the I Ching, good or evil, reveals the intensely patriarchial society of a China not long past where women were so little regarded that infant girls were often placed in the street to fend for themselves or starve- a fact that should not go unknown by modern women), and (2) the vision of a woman-only government is just as guilty of sexism as the original I Ching.

However, Stein's matriarchal perspective does exert a positive force. By removing the male-dominance of the original, she invites women to use the I Ching freely. She has simplified the hexagram system of divination- her method provides a much easier, more comfortable means of interpretation than the endless premutations of the former method.

As a woman and feminist, I found her emphasis on personal relationships rewarding and enlightening. As an Earth-lover, I found her poetic interpretations of natural cycles and forces eloquent. This is an I Ching that will speak to all women in terms we understand--the changing relationships of person-to-person, sister-to-sister, mother-to-daughter and the relationship of us all to our Mother, the Earth.

"BETWEEN THE WORLDS," Tape by Mark Geisler
Thoryan Productions, P.O. Box 9581, Seattle, WA 98109
$7.75 plus $2.00 for Postage. Check payable to Mark Geisler
Reviewed by Gil Wyndel

This tape has beautiful, heart-felt lyrics sung with a strong, tremerous voice, accompanying the instrument of an accomplished musician. Though I might wish for a tad more variety, that can be a very difficult roe to hoe (ask Donna how easy it is). However, several pieces literally bring tears to my eyes--which for me is usually a sign of strong energy being produced. I play the tape over-and-over, and feel sure that just about anyone would find themselves doing the same. Get it!

COMMENTARY: Between the Worlds
By Miguel

I began listening to Between the Worlds by Mark Geisler while I was working--shortly after starting the tape, I found myself stopping work and listening. This is not music to put on your stereo and ignore. Lyricks are the key to this music--they are truly creative. The imagery was beautiful in such terms as "Alaska,"--"November Houses." The memories they bring are haunting. While listening, I thought the style of the tape was reminiscent of the 1960s Folk Music. All together, this was a rewarding and fun listening experience.

The Rowan Tree will be reprinting, The Holy Books of the Devas, in Midsummer. Cost is $7.00 (including mailing). This is an immensely enjoyable book with splendid art work which also gives one a good view of the spirits of the plant world. Can be ordered from: The Rowan Tree, P.O. Box 8814, Minneapolis, MN, 55408.

Thoughts on Becoming

by Pat

WHAT I HAVE written is something I felt very important to say. This was not planned--just for some reason it came over me to tell someone how I feel. I send this to you for no real reason; in fact, I really do not know why it is important to do so, but it is.

I CARE, about people, animals, plants, this world, life in all respects, all manner, all forms. Whether it is muck or beauty it has a rason to be here and now. Created to exist in this world to fulfill a need in the order of life. Whether to make a mess or put hope in the heart it has a right to be here.

I, ME, NO ONE ELSE, just me. I love plants and animals, walks in the rain, frisbee, and sunny days. I cannot handle the suffering and pain whether it is human or plant. I cannot hold prejudices for everyone is human and will make mistakes. I feel sorry for those who cannot care or get along with their world. It is not their fault, they just never learned anything differently.

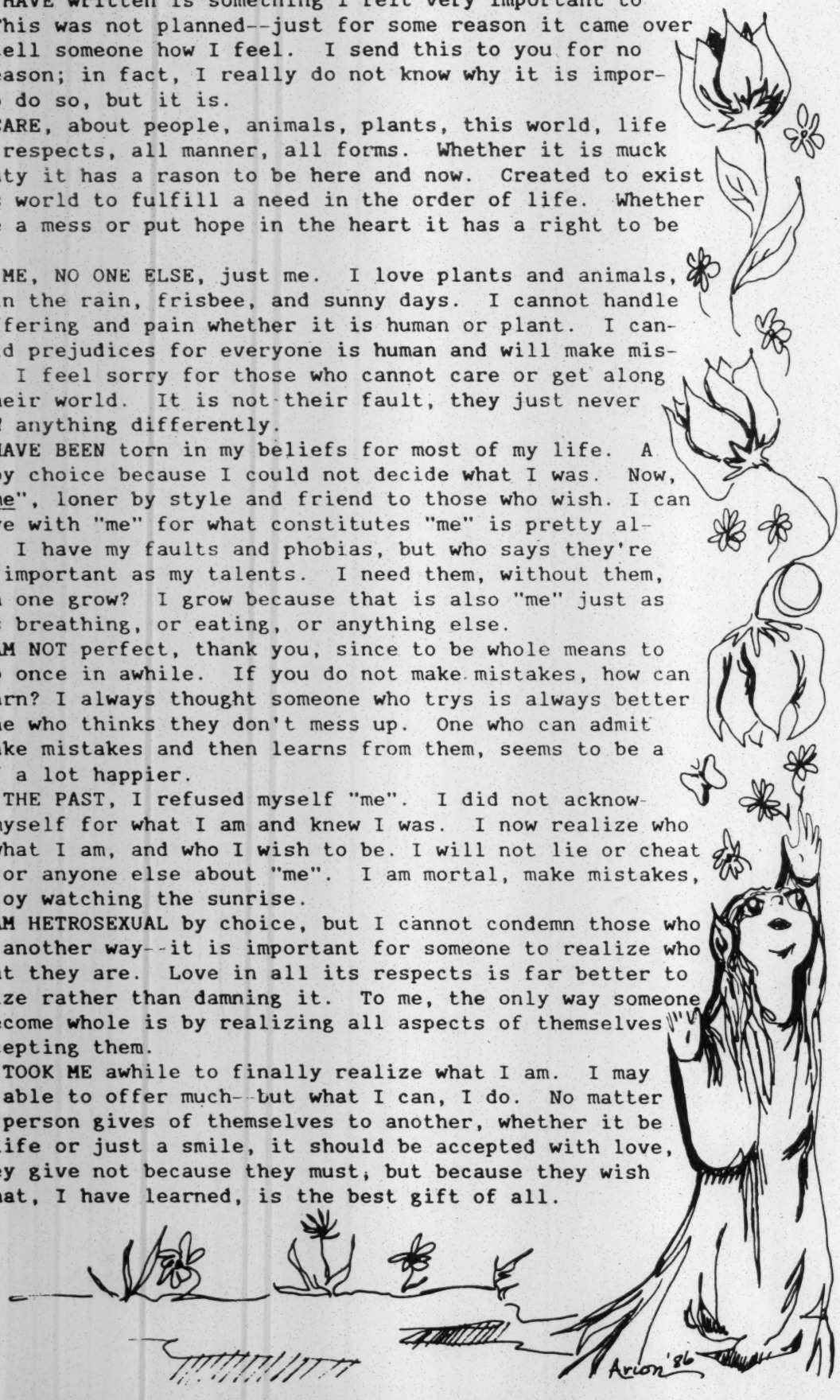
I HAVE BEEN torn in my beliefs for most of my life. A loner by choice because I could not decide what I was. Now, I am "me", loner by style and friend to those who wish. I can now live with "me" for what constitutes "me" is pretty alright. I have my faults and phobias, but who says they're not as important as my talents. I need them, without them, how can one grow? I grow because that is also "me" just as much as breathing, or eating, or anything else.

I AM NOT perfect, thank you, since to be whole means to mess up once in awhile. If you do not make mistakes, how can you learn? I always thought someone who trys is always better than one who thinks they don't mess up. One who can admit they make mistakes and then learns from them, seems to be a heck of a lot happier.

IN THE PAST, I refused myself "me". I did not acknowledge myself for what I am and knew I was. I now realize who I am, what I am, and who I wish to be. I will not lie or cheat myself or anyone else about "me". I am mortal, make mistakes, and enjoy watching the sunrise.

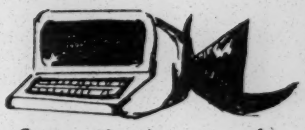
I AM HETROSEXUAL by choice, but I cannot condemn those who choose another way--it is important for someone to realize who and what they are. Love in all its respects is far better to recognize rather than damning it. To me, the only way someone will become whole is by realizing all aspects of themselves and accepting them.

IT TOOK ME awhile to finally realize what I am. I may not be able to offer much--but what I can, I do. No matter what a person gives of themselves to another, whether it be their life or just a smile, it should be accepted with love, for they give not because they must, but because they wish to. That, I have learned, is the best gift of all.



NOTES FROM A DIGITAL WITCH

by Athos



As I think back on all the things I've learned from Masters, observed from other witches, read in books, and just plain gotten by osmosis, several things stick in my mind and should be part of every Wiccan/Pagan/Witch's routine.

First and foremost: "Do all ye will that ye harm none". Also the Law of Three: "Whatever you send out--comes back to you times three"--so always use the power you can wield wisely! Thoughts are things and should be treated as such--be careful what you think about or long for--you just might get it--something I lovingly call "The Toyota Syndrome": "You asked for it, you got it!" The best ritual/spell is one you come up with on your own. Imagination, determination, and faith are your keys. Go with the flow--not against it and watch the Moon. Yeah: waxing for planting, boons, healing; waining for ridding yourself of things, breaking spells, etc. These are basics--these are things we should have in mind constantly in our daily lives.

I've been criticized for having a grimoire on computer (I love the easy reference- it's so nice to have all that info at my ready command), but I've still got it written down in my own hand in a leatherbound parchment book. I try to hit a happy medium between the old traditionalism and new technology. I won't settle for a plastic hilt on my athame, but I'm not above heating water for ritual tea in the microwave. It seems after a while, if you practice your craft and watch carefully, you learn something. You do magic by focusing your mind on a goal.

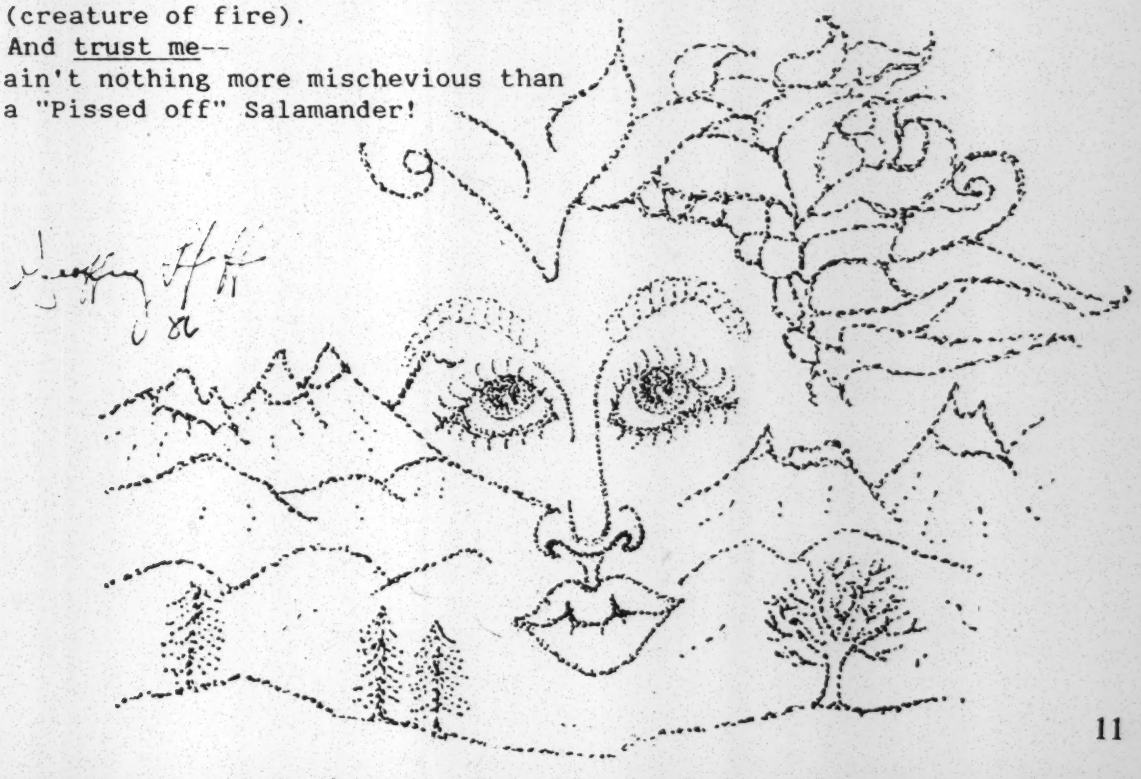
Now close your ears, Traditionalists, after a while, you won't need the ritual, candles, incense. You'll find by concentrating long enough, hard enough, at the right time, you make IT happen--if it's got some emotion in it all the better. Just keep in mind the "Toyota Syndrome" and the rule of "Harm None."

One more thing: if you burn candles always remember to snuff rather than blow them out.

When you blow out a candle you offend a Salamander (creature of fire).

And trust me--

ain't nothing more mischevious than a "Pissed off" Salamander!



Tri Milchi Monath

by Aridiana From: WHISPERS FROM THE WELL: The Golden Wheel

Green, Green, everywhere, green,
Light green, bright green, yellow-green, white-green,
Blue-green, purple-green, Day-green, Night-green.

Across the sweet-smelling fields, She glides veiled in hot
sunshine, cool shadows, birdsong, jasmine, sandlewood,
She strolls among the green-growing things,
oceans of cooling-green, healing-green, stretching-green,
undulate and wave around Her and thru Her,
praising Her with their small green fronds,
singing to Her with their soft green voices,
exalting Her with their little green lives.

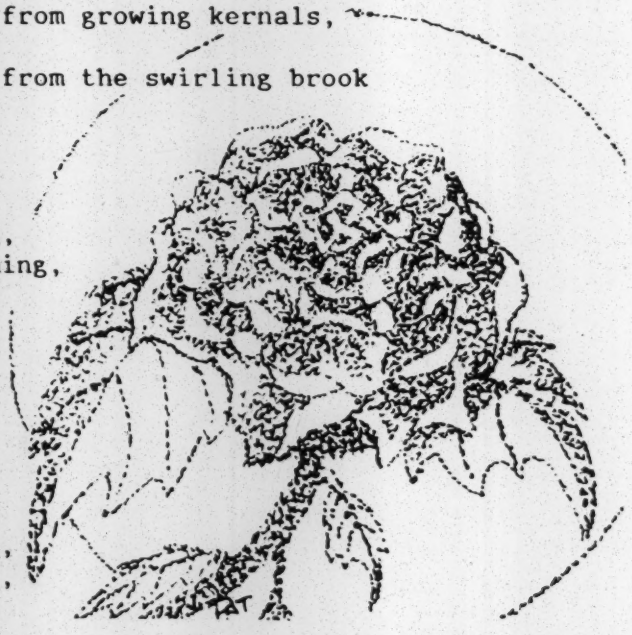
She stands beneath the Great Tree, and from Her Well a green-
golden fire spirals upward,
floats down and sets flowers blazing.
All of Her body glows- sparkling with Life weaving webs of
emerald Promise.

Through Sun, and Wind, and Land, and Stream,
She sends forth the Calling.

Encircled by the hummings of bees and the budding of fruits,
He hears Her and is drawn wind-swiftly to the Great Tree,
Smelling of green grapes and corn, new earth, sweet myrrh,
He stands before Her, squirrel woven laurels of ivy and
roses crowning His noon-golden hair.

"It is Time, Lord," She speaks from the breezes,
and eternity stretches from Her right hand.
"It is Place, Lord," She speaks from the earth,
and Space expands from Her left hand.
"It is Yielding, Lady," He answers from growing kernals,
and strengthening stalks.
"It is Granting, Lady," He answers from the swirling brook
and the shadowed hills.

Green light, burning bright,
Swirling thru the Day and Night,
To Them, in Them Green is Streaming,
From Them, thru Them Green is Gleaming,
Healing, sealing, Heaven and Earth,
Joy and Laughter, Love and Mirth,
Earth and Sun together have lain,
She begins Her Summer reign,
It is planted, now begun,
Seedling of the Solstice Sun,
Clad within a Dress of Green,
Until Harvest-time to glean,
She stretches forth Her loving hand,
And blesses all throughout the land,



Until First Fruits be ripe,
He fades away to play His pipes.

She naps in Her fields, content The Seed, this Last Planting,
the Promise of the New Sun, is growing within Her.

I walk amid the small buzzings and chirpings of flutterings and flappings,
I stroll thru the cool, black-green forest.
Beside the lake, I gather marigolds and wild roses and carry
them back to Her shrine by the fireplace,

She sighs sleepily,
and thru my open door, She placidly
spins soft golden summerspells across my floor,
weaves them around the sleeping cat, thru the chair-legs,
and knits a glimmering prism of rainbows from the
flowers on Her altar.

The bees drone,
and the fruits grow,
and the rivers flow,
and the breezes blow,
and the animals fatten,
and all is completing.

All is peace.
She is pleased.

I drink deeply of Her harmony and float in Her tranquility
as the days lengthen into blue-green whisperings of
midsummer dreams.

Keeping Watch

by Jaime Redwing

**** Sergeant Brown stirred on his makeshift stretcher and threw one arm outward as he groaned. "He's coming to," Heather commented stopping in her tracks. "He's awfully heavy. Could we put him down for a moment? My arms are cramping."

**** Rick didn't wait permission from their guards--he began to lower the stretcher to the ground. He and Heather laid Sergeant Brown down gently. They were high on a ridge overlooking a secluded valley that hid a slave labor camp. Rubbing her arms and shoulders, Heather looked at Rick with a mute appeal. They were both thinking along the same lines--if they didn't make a break for it soon, they'd be down below, strapped in leg-irons, and unable to run. There was still the problem of the armed guards. One white-robed figure was bent over the recumbent Sergeant Brown, who was beginning to talk. The other was dividing his attention between Brown and his captives, but that attention was a slack after driving the better part of the night. The morning sun was beginning to feel delightfully warm on his back and he was stifling yawns.

**** In an instant, the quiet was galvanized into pandemonium. Rick swung around, raised his leg and kicked the breath out of the sleepy guard on his right. Heather lunged at the crouching guard and knocked him off balance as she grabbed his rifle. Together, she and Rick clubbed their captors with the rifle butts, took a look at Brown, and decided he was no threat. Clambering up the hill, they desparately sought the densest cover as they rushed to put as much distance between themselves and the camp and guards as possible.

***** ***** ***** *****

**** It was like running in a dream--seeming an eternity before they reached the crest of the next hill. It was then they first heard sounds of pursuit. The guards had been unconscious when they left, so they couldn't understand how the others had been alerted. They didn't know Sergeant Brown had revived enough to pull out a walkie talkie and call for help.

**** Lungs burning, they slid down a leaf-strewn hillside and found the road stretching out before them. "Which way," Heather gasped. Rick couldn't speak--he grabbed her hand and drug her down the road in the opposite direction they had come the night before. Heather thought of protesting, decided Rick knew best, and kept silent. She was so frightened she could imagine the breath of their pursurers on the back of her neck.

***** ***** ***** *****

**** The old frame farmhouse slept quietly in its grove of pecan trees. The woman of the house had left her laundry on the clothesline overnight, and while the weather was dry, the laundry was still damp. As Heather and Rick stole a change of clothing from the line, Heather marveled that anyone still dried their clothes this way; she hadn't seen a clothesline since childhood. They scampered to the run-down barn to change clothes and discovered the farm wife kept her extra canned goods in a small room once used to hold tack. They lifted several mason jars of food and hurried into the woods. Many miles would be put between them and the farm before they stopped long enough to eat what they had taken.

**** Old trucks and jeeps cruised down the country roads nearby--searchers scanning the roadside for any telltale clue that the fugitives had

passed that way. Rick and Heather kept away from the road most of the afternoon and night--traveling through the woods was slower and more difficult, but the cover was thick.

**** The dawn of the next day found them curled, exhausted, on a soft bed of moss on a creek bank. Since running during the day was too much risk--they decided to camp until late evening. Rick pulled the feed sack full of food closer and pulled out a jar of preserves. "Hungry?" he asked, smiling.

**** Heather grimaced, "Starved, but I'm too tired to eat. The muscles in my arms don't even feel like lifting my hands to my mouth. I've got to sleep first." She laid her head on her arm. "We're safe enough here, aren't we?"

**** Rick looked over his shoulder toward the road. "We're at least two miles off the road and we haven't seen any farmhouses. We should be alright, I guess."

**** "Should we post a guard?"

**** "Nah. I'm a light sleeper. I'll take a short nap and wake up to guard us later- when the sun's higher." He stretched on his back and yawned.

**** "Do you know where we are?" Heather asked groggily.

**** "Yeah. We can find help soon. There are rebel farmers nearby that can help us with transportation. Don't worry. We'll get by." Rick drifted softly to sleep.

***** ***** ***** *****

**** Rick was indeed a light sleeper. He heard the branch break, but it was too late to do anything as he reared up from the mossy bed. The farmer stood legs spread, gun aimed casually at Rick's heart. "Heather! Heather! Wake up!" Rick growled.

**** Heather stretched innocently yawning before she opened her eyes. "Ah...just when the dreams were getting good....," she groaned and raised her head to look at Rick. Rick's eyes were fixed on the barrel of the rifle still aimed directly at him. He didn't say anything. It took a moment for Heather to wake enough to realize that something was wrong, and then, she too focused on the man with the rifle.

**** The farmer slowly lowered the gun toward the ground. "I guess you're Rick Avery, huh?"

**** "Yeah."

*** The farmer's leathery face slowly mellowed from a stern, alert expression to a lazy grin. "Well, you sure picked a hell of a place to nap! C'mon, the wife's got breakfast cookin'. You two look like you could use a square meal."

**** Heather and Rick looked at each other in astonishment, then gawked at the farmer.

**** "Well, don't just sit there, kids. You got a long way to go and time's running out. You need to be out of this county as soon as possible. You're in the middle of a hornet's nest." He turned away padding quietly down the trail. Scrambling to their feet, Heather and Rick made quickly followed.

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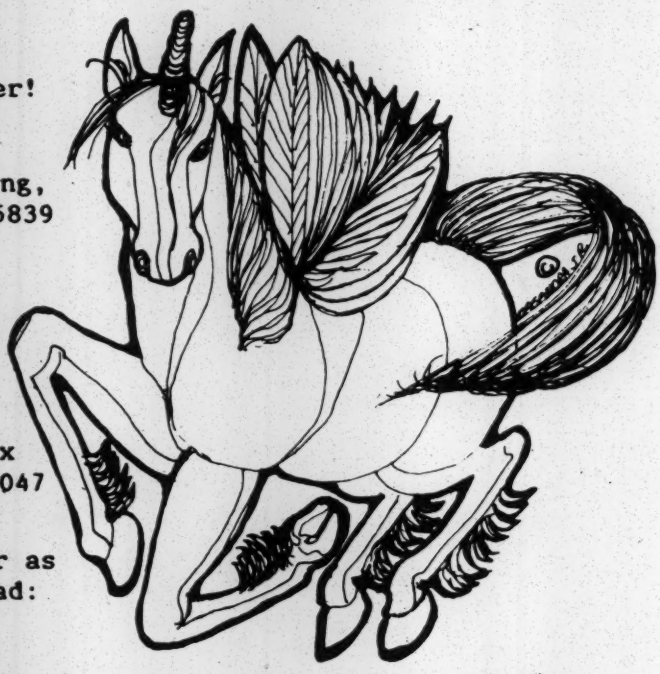

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Please consider sending donations and/or giving time to AIDS research and help for AIDS victims
Also, send prayers and positive thoughts for a cure.
I say this especially to the Pagan community for it is way, way past time and I feel it is our obligation.
For--are we not Healers?
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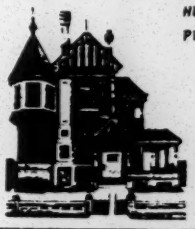

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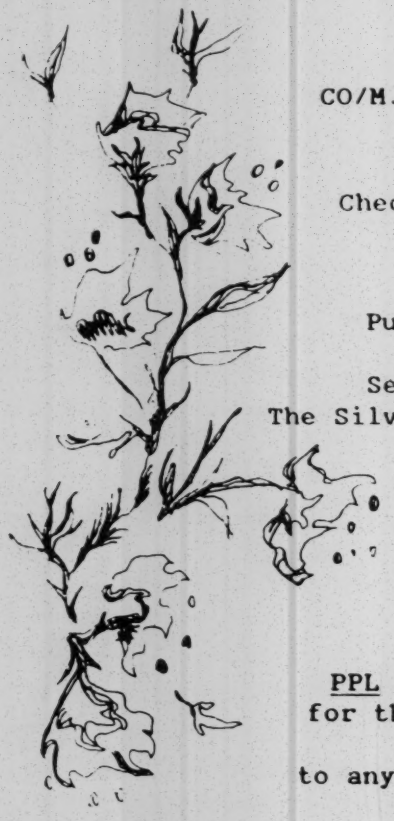

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TSULTRIM ALLIONE is collecting information so she may write a travellers' guidebook to the Goddess and feminine power places all over the world-- but she needs your help! (Ceil, are you listening?) Write to Tsultrim or Seasonal Silver for further information as to how you may help her in this important quest. Tsultrim Allione, Via Muggia #4, 00195 Roma, Italy

The Covenant of the Goddess--M E R R Y M E E T '8 6

The Covenant of the Goddess announces plans for its eleventh annual national festival, Merrymeet '86. The event is open to all Pagans, and will take place August 29 - September 1. This year the setting is Circle Pines, a large retreat center and nature preserve near Kalamazoo, Michigan. To get on the mailing list for the festival, write: Amber K, Attn.: Merrymeet '86, Box 176, Blue Mounds, WI, 53517. Detailed information will be sent to you in April. If you would like to present a workshop, ritual or other program write for information to Ginny Brubaker, Box 60151, Chicago, IL, 60660.

Issues are $2/issue $8/year. Please send subscription orders to Donna Lyon Rhose; make checks payable to Dorothy C. Pfaff for Seasonal Silver.

We are always open to exchanging ad for ad. We are also very open to networking and would appreciate news to both further our contacts and help us extend contacts to others.

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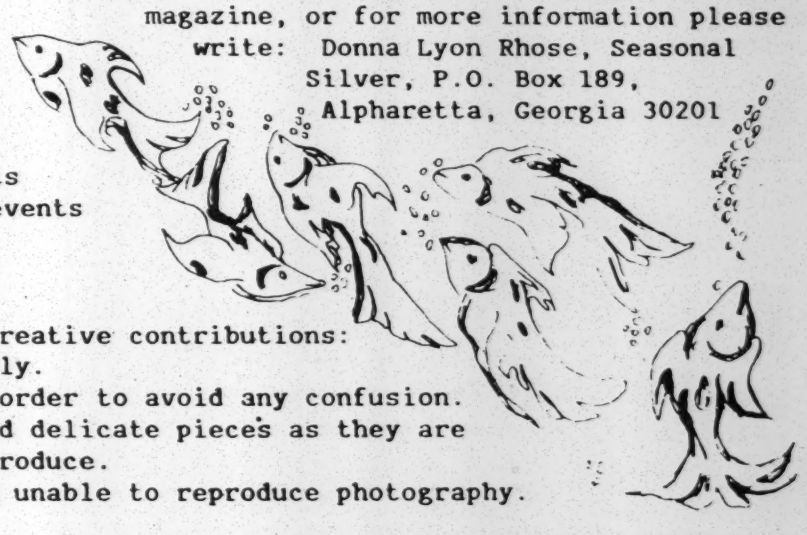

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Send a SASE for reply.
Type literature in order to avoid any confusion.
With graphics, avoid delicate pieces as they are difficult to reproduce.
At this time we are unable to reproduce photography.

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"...AND NOW FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES OF THE NEWS THAT THE TRILATERAL COMMISSION DOESN'T WANT YOU TO HEAR. ..."
(Executive Intelligence Review Broadcast quote)

An Ode To Lindon LaRouche

I have found the Executive Committee Review
For it's in the LaRouche Well,
And from its depths comes confusion, but,
Recognized by its smell.

Executive Intelligence Review
Congress of Equality, Social Democrats
All are various names he poses--
But friends and I needed simplicity
so we just dubbed them LesRoaches.

They feed on the common man's
Fears and give misinformation,
Looking for the best drug scare,
To twist interpretation.

Witches, gays, Jews, Pagans, and
government officials,
Ought be aware of their hit list
Enacted with no scrupples.

Though quite insane, involvement
is infested nationwide--
LesRoaches feeding everywhere
within the countryside.

Trilateral Commission and media
Are among their favorite foe,
And taking over the government
Is their cited ultimate goal.

Lindon LaRouch for President
Is what I fear the most--
Dictatorship would follow,
LesRoaches coast-to-coast.

But what is worse is deception,
Like the vote in Illinois--
The little infiltrations,
To confuse the Democrats through ploy.

A wariness is need,
For Freedom's enemies are there,
And now LesRoaches have joined in,
So, humans, please BEWARE.

4-9-86

NEVER AGAIN THE BURNINGS

that go into Community: The Mystical Poet, the Healer (herbal/energy), the One who communicates with animals/vegetation, the Teacher, the Silversmith, the Tanner. Paganism as a way of Life should pervade all our levels. Our natural talents/abilities/interests should be seen as something to be taken into our mystical frame-work- into Circle and transmitted outwardly; All Life, experienced as mystical and sacred, should be our goal. Once there were "guilds" which went into the mystical elements of one's trade/interest/talent: a Silversmith tapped into the metal's energy pattern so that s/he moved with it to form the item; the Equestrian resonated with the horse--rider and animal became one force; the Dancer became the Dance, the Stonemason the house s/he built.

Perhaps if we can begin to look at our religion(s) from such a viewpoint, we can begin to reclaim our lives from the "mundane" and see everything as spiritual. We can recognize the hum of energy in all things and that "She" can be praised, discovered, loved, working on an automobile as well as in Circle. All talents, all knowledge, are sacred and the inner and outer courts can become one--not separate from Community--but part of it in an ever widening Circle- until no parts of Life (or its manifestations) are excluded- until all Life is whole--balanced--One in the Holy Circle.

From the Foothills of Georgia! ~Morna Lyon Chase~

A group of incarcerated Pagans need a group willing to help support and teach. Please contact: Patrick L. Nicholas, 279576 E-E-14, P.O. Box 900, Shelton, WA, 98584. They also would be very grateful for any donated books of positive Pagan Paths (must be mailed from a bookstore or publishing house). Please send books to: Vern Flescner, WCC Chapel, P.O. Box 900, Shelton, WA, 98584 (with a note to Patrick Nicholas).

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has changed its address to:
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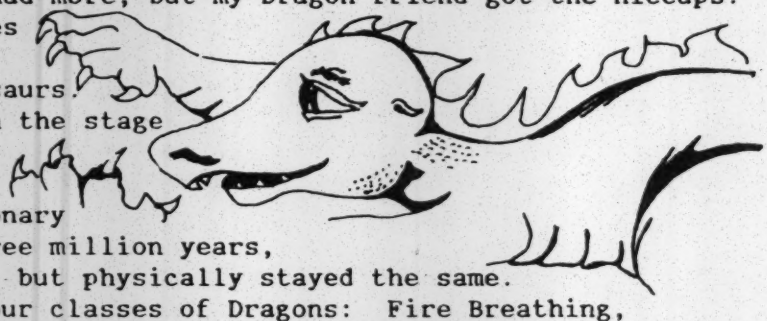
INTERVIEWS WITH DRAGONS

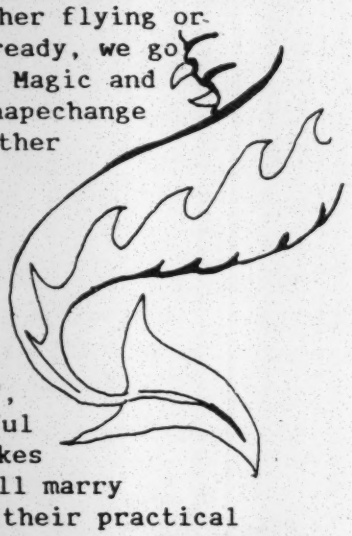
by Pat

Here is a little bit on some of my Dragon friends. Interviewing them took no courage at all--just keeping a fire hose handy was all I needed. Actually they're pretty nice Beings; just like witches, history has used them for scapegoats. Most of this is straight from the Dragon's mouth: I had more, but my Dragon friend got the hiccups.

The Dragon as a species has been around since the first Age of Dinosaurs. By the time man was in the stage "Homo Habilis", dragons had already reached their evolutionary peak. In the next three million years, they evolved mentally-- but physically stayed the same.

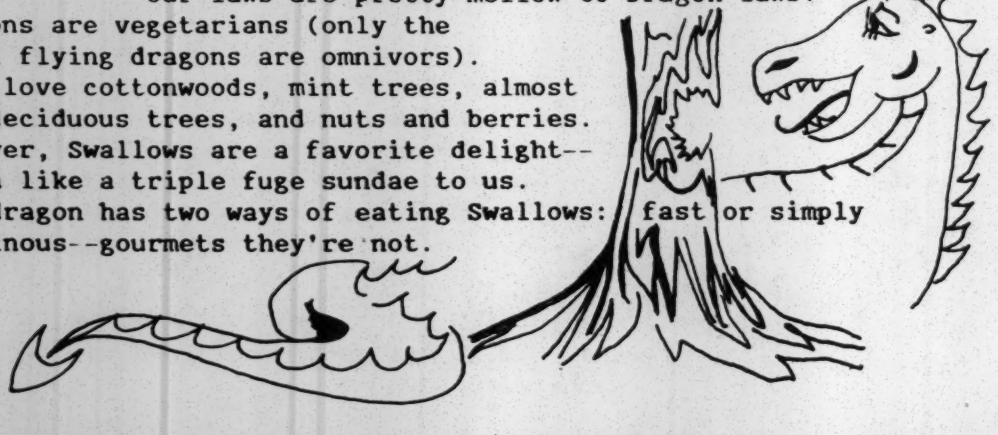


There are basically four classes of Dragons: Fire Breathing, Mist-Breathing, Flightless, and Flying. These, however, are just generic titles given to our friends, any dragon can be any two combinations of the above mentioned. A Flying Dragon can also breathe fire, and a Mist-Breather is either flying or flightless. If you are not confused already, we go to their special talents: the use of Magic and other abilities. Most dragons can shapechange at will and use basically all other metaphysical gifts.



For example: in France the Pendragon's (a dragon president, very democratic creatures) daughters, called "Melusines", constantly change into beautiful women. They play practical jokes on men or conceited women. They will marry mortals--as long as that mortal can handle their practical jokes and a couple of other things. There are dragons who change into mortals only for ill intent; but when caught, let's just say our laws are pretty mellow to Dragon laws.

Dragons are vegetarians (only the small flying dragons are omnivors). They love cottonwoods, mint trees, almost all deciduous trees, and nuts and berries. However, Swallows are a favorite delight--sorta like a triple fuge sundae to us. The dragon has two ways of eating Swallows: fast or simply glutinous--gourmets they're not.



Dragon's have quite the personality, from moody to complete practical jockers. As they get older they usually seem like old misers, hermits; but the young show Dragon's basic personality: mischevious. Young Drags love to mimic other creatures and mortals. They will sit like a vulture, prance like a horse, or mimic an English Gentleman. They especially enjoy playing dead and scaring critters who come up to investigate their body.

An all-time favorite game for Dragons of all ages is Hide-n-Hiss. This game is played mostly with Knights or other Dragon seekers. A dragon blends in with its surroundings (basically camouflages itself) then waits for a knight, or whomever, to come by. Then they do one of four things:

(1) They will silently creep up behind the human, tap them on the sholder and hiss--effect: human usually faints or clibs a tree. This tactic is seldom used, it's hard for dragons to tippy-toe or creep.

(2) Most common: they simply jump out in front of the person and hiss--effect: same as (1) and the person usually needs new pants--after they quit running.

(3) This is reserved only for knights. The camouflaged dragon will wait until the knight passes, take careful aim, then warm his posterior flap--effect: the knight not only suddenly learns to dance (on both left feet) but usually warms a couple plants for the Drags meal.

(4) The young Drag will jump out in front of the human, but this time shapechanged as a True Demon: I.R.S., Salesman, Insurance Salesman, Mother-in-Law, etc.--effect: the dragon usually has to run for his life--scared humans of this degree are not fun to mess with.

Once they're adults, dragons tend to be very mellow--they begin to hoard treasure--but not just precious metals or gems. Some dragons hoard good books, paintings, oriental rugs, or whatever flips their cookies. Dragons only hoard prescious metals and gems to bribe Knights in leaving them alone--which, unfortunately usually backfires on them. Dragons also love to hoard good wines and bells--so if you're missing any of your precious things, you now know why.

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The Kissing Bough and The Wreath

by Ariadiana

In England the Kissing Bough ("Witch Ball" when made of silver or blue wire) preceeded the Christmas (Yule) Tree (introduced in Britain in the 1800s). The Bough was global made from woven vines, five circles (sometimes three) exactly equal (the Four Corners) were encompassed by the central (equator); the Bough symbolized the Earth. Eight (or four) candles were set around the equator, another 8 inside the globe at the bottom. Seven apples/oranges/colored eggs were clustered inside at top. Boughs had one large bow outside top in seasonal color. Ornaments were hung from the Bough; in Old Times they were presents (people exchanged presents at each Sabbat rather than only Yule). People gathered under the Bough to sing/feast/dance/exchange presents. Yule Boughs were entwined with ivy/pine/mistletoe--red/yellow/green/orange candles were preferred. Sometimes half-globes were used. Some Boughs were 10-20 feet in diameter. At Imbolc the Bough was decorated with candles/oranges/apples/colored eggs; at Oester: budding flowers/candles/colored eggs (colored eggs: prick each end of large hen/duck/goose egg, blow insides out, color egg with paint/dye/whatever, shellac/varnish: turn them into long-lasting ornaments for use from Yule to Beltane).

At Beltane, blooming flowers/colored eggs/ candles graced the Bough; at Midsummer: sheaves of green"corn"/ivy/candles; at Lughnasad: berries/vegetables/candles/corn babies; at Mabon: large leaves/fall leaves/vegetables/berries/candles;at Samhain, candles/dried vines/small carved pumpkins-turnips with the candles in center. Herbs/spices/potpourris/spiced apples-oranges hanging from the top of the globe lend a subtle aroma to the temple/home when candles are lighted. It is appropriate to use "Christmas Tree" ornaments. In changing the decorations seasonally--your imagination is the limit. Decorating Boughs can be used to teach children/neophytes the Ways as they help--or add to group cohesiveness. The WREATH was also standard decoration in homes/temples. Woven of grasses/vines/flowers, Wreathes were also decorated with symbols of the changing seasons. Using Wreaths/Boughs year round in the home/temple enhance connectedness to the Earth, changing seasons, and lend the stability of a continuing tradition that is satisfying and worthwhile for family and group.

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Astrology

THE OLDEST SCIENCE (II)

by

Lew Paxton Price

He had been watching the bright star for several nights now and he knew that it was moving. Only living things moved in his world, so he knew that the light was not simply a star, but a living force like the sun or the moon. In this way, primitive man began to discover the wandering stars which the Greeks later called planetai (including the sun and the moon) and which, today, we call planets.

As the centuries passed, early man learned something of the will of the sky forces. He learned that the earth grew cool and dark without light from the sun. He learned to predict eclipses to determine the times of high tides and severe storms. He learned that bright Venus had qualities that differed from red Mars and impulsive Mercury. He learned that the slower Jupiter and Saturn were more powerful in the long run. He built tools to help discover the systematic motions of the lights in the heavens.

Because the new moon occurs twelve times each year, he divided the year into twelve months and designated each with a sign of the zodiac. He divided the day and night into hours--twelve for each. He discovered the magic of the triangle with sides of 3, 4, and 5 units, and made the product of 3, 4, and 5 a sacred number; thus was born the ancient mathematical system based upon sixty which is why we have sixty minutes in an hour and sixty seconds in a minute.

He chose 360 for the divisions of a circle because it was the product of 3, 4, 5, and 6, it was equal in length to twelve moons (months), it was equal to thirteen passages of the moon through the zodiac (called the sidereal period of the moon), it was very close to the year of 365 days, and it was an easy number to divide. Today we still use this time-tried system.

The study of astrology gave us many of our traditional measuring systems. As men grew to know more about the lights in the sky, they created greater tools and developed a more complex understanding of the forces which affected them. Those who understood how to use this new knowledge found that it was a source of personal power which could be used to elevate them to positions of honor and royalty.

The lesser classes who were not capable of understanding this science were good subjects who could serve the kings and priests. So the less intellectually inclined were given myths to help them understand and yet prevent them from fully understanding. The majority of mankind accepted the forces of the universe as gods while the learned began to use the forces to promote their own interests.

Apart from the politicians, there were idealists who were dedicated to the greater philosophical secrets--they formed a worldwide fraternity which is still alive today. At first, they passed the secrets from one generation to the next by word of mouth and later in coded writing as well. Most of the holy writings of the world's religions are laced with encoded secrets to be found by those who are willing to make the effort. Based upon a collection of stories told in Hebrew, Aramaic, and ancient Greek, Christianity is no exception. It has changed considerably since the time of Christ, but there are still many hints left as to its original character--some of which will be explored in future articles.

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The Rowan Tree will be reprinting, The Holy Books of the Devas, in Midsummer. Cost is $7.00 (including mailing). This is an immensely enjoyable book with splendid art work which also gives one a good view of the spirits of the plant world. Can be ordered from: The Rowan Tree, P.O. Box 8814, Minneapolis, MN, 55408.

Keeping Watch

Sanctuary

by Jaime Redwing

Rasheeda's house perched on the shoulder of a mountain. Hemlocks, spruce, and pine trees crowded the steep slope down to the creek below. It was a sheltered place, full of water-music, luscious scents, and soothing sights ... a place of healing. A huge, flat-topped boulder jutted out into the creek forming a rocky island upon which Rick and Heather perched. Illuminated by the sun's rays piercing through the thick canopy of trees, they tried to believe they were finally safe. Rick rolled over on his back and peeked at Heather through one eye. "Rasheeda had someone return the motorcycle to the guy we borrowed it from," he informed her.

Heather brushed her hair back from her eyes. "Good," she murmured. A haunted look came over her face like a dark cloud. She was remembering their wild dash for the Canadian border. "I just can't believe we made it through alive!" she marveled as her eyes filled with tears. *** *** ***

That last day had begun peacefully. Rick and Heather had borrowed a motorcycle from yet another nameless "friend" from the Rebel's underground. He had given them directions, advice on safe places to stop for lunch or gas, and sent them on their way. It was almost daylight when they set out- trees and bushes on the roadside were barely discernable as they rushed by on the tough old Harley. Gradually, the darkness turned from grey to rosey dawn as the Harley ate up miles separating them from the border. They planned to cross in a little-used area in farm country far from large tourist attractions where they thought the guards would be more likely to look for them. They were wrong of course. **** **** ****

The first hint that danger approached was a jeep following from a discreet distance. Desperate for a turn off, Rick kept a wary eye on the jeep from his rearview mirror. They passed an unmarked dirt road without seeing it until a pickup truck swang out of it onto the road with screeching tires spewing gravel. The pickup fell in behind them and in front of the jeep, which pulled over. Now Rick was really scared. "Something wierd is happening back there!" he shouted to Heater. "Hold on tight--I'm gonna launch this thing!" Heather got a secure grip around his waist just before he gunned the engine. The Harley shot down the road so fast Heather felt as if they were flying. The old "Horse" could really move. Her confidence rose a bit. "We just might make it after all," she told herself--before she noticed that far ahead of them an obstacle was blocking the road.

"Jeez!" Rick shouted, "Roadblock!" He started trying to slow the Harley desperately looking for a way out. There were no side roads between them and the truck that sat across the width of the road. On either side of the truck, the road bed sloped down toward ditches. Rick analyzed the possibility of squeezing through without having to jump the ditch. The Harley was no dirtbike.

"I don't think we can make it!" He yelled. "We'd better give up!"

Heather stiffened. "No, No, please! Don't. Do you want to go back to that labor camp?"

Rick didn't have to think hard about that one. "No way! Hold on tight!"

The pavement between them and the truck shimmered as heat waves rose from the asphalt. One moment, it was hard to focus on the truck, the next moment it was all too clear ... and too close. When the men standing at each end of the truck realized the Harley wasn't slowing down enough to

stop, they raised their rifles. Rick let loose several choice expletives knowing it was too late to change his course they would have to run the gauntlet. He aimed the Harley at the center of the knot of men. A look of horror came over the Watchmen's faces as they realized what Rick intended to do. They dove for cover landing in a heap of tangled bodies in the ditch. One or two extricated themselves enough to fire a couple of shots after the fugitives before they turned at the sound of a blaring horn. Like a nightmare, the pickup that had been following the Harley headed right into the Watchmen. The driver swung wildly to miss the roadblock and somehow straddled the ditch. Though it almost overturned, the driver regained control of the truck while the Watchmen in the ditch cowered as the truck bed shot over their heads. ***** ***** *****

Rick and Hather turned off the road as soon as they could and cut through a well-worn path in the woods. Though the path wasn't bad, they had to go slowly for the Harley's sake. They blundered onto another road by lucky accident and backtracked for a few miles before turning west. Later, they found a road heading north and cruised at a steady rate not pushing the bike too hard as its energies had to be conserved for emergencies. They hadn't seen a town for an hour when they pulled into a little rundown settlement called Harrisburg. It had once been a mountain resort there were a couple of Victorian hotels along the main street and some rundown tourist shops. There was a turnoff with an overlook area where you could put a coin in a telescope and scan the horizon. They were in high country at last and the border couldn't be much farther. Rick had slowed the bike to the meager speed limit and was just about to pull over and ask someone how much further it was to the borader when Heather tapped his shoulder and pointed. A man in camouflage was lounging on the courthouse steps. Looking around uneasily, they spotted several others sitting on the hood of a jeep. That was enough. Rick quietly eased the bike onto a side street, coasted down a hill, and just as quitely turned left and northward again. They eluded the militiamen until they got within a few yards of the border where others were waiting. Fortunately, the soldiers were breaking for lunch and sat or lay sprawled on the roadbank in the shade of a pine tree. Munching sandwiches, gulping down a beer, or smoking were all they had on their minds a few of them were even asleep. Rick decided to run the roadblock again. This time, the only thing physically barring the road was a stripped wooden gate that looked flimsy. They hit the gate at thirty miles an hour. The breaking gate struck Rick across the chest knocking the breath out of him. He would have lost control of the bike if Heather hadn't reached around him, grabbed the bike's accelerator grip, and gunned it. She replaced Rick's left hand on the other grip and guided the bike while he wheezed and gasped. They could hear bullets flying and striking things around them Heather prayed that they wouldn't hit the gas tank. ****** ****** ******

Late that evening, they arrived at the last safe house, Rasheeda's. They were thirty miles inside Canada well hidden in a high mountain range. Rick's broken ribs had been bandaged as had a flesh wound on Heather's leg she'd been so scared when it happened, she had not even felt it. They didn't get much sleep that night and the next morning they wandered, still groggy, down to the creek with their coffee. Rick sat up beside Heather and noticed the silent tears coursing down her cheeks. "Hey, what's that for? It's all over now," he said soothingly as he wrapped her in his arms. "Heather, it's over. We're safe. They won't come across the border. The Canadians won't allow it. They don't like the Watchmen any more than we do. Don't cry."

Heather sat up and brushed her cheeks with her hand. "I just can't believe it's over. I can't believe they won't hunt us for the rest of our lives." ******* ******* *******

Rasheeda sat at her spinning wheel quietly working as she listened to the conversation of her guests. Rick and Heather had been greeted by

other rebel refugees who sat around them sipping wine as they questioned the late arrivals for news of home. After hearing of the discovery of the slave labor camp, Rick was asked to mark its location on a map. One of the women rolled the map with a look of silent determination on her face. "We'll find a way to liberate those people," she said before she left. Heather looked around her at the grave faces of her new-found friends. She recognized some of them from wanted posters on "tele'. These people had been fighting for freedom and the return of their civil rights for many years perhaps they could answer the question that was searing her mind.

"How did we let this happen to us," she asked. Her question cut the silence like a knife.

No one answered at first. Then Rasheeda wrapped her new-spun yarn around the bobbin and looked into Heather's eyes. Her dark face held no expression when she answered, "They snuck in when we weren't looking."

Heather was furious. "I'm not joking!" she protested.

"Neither am I, sister-friend," Rasheeda replied, "when they censored schoolbooks one by-one, we said 'Why make such a fuss over just one little sentence one little book?'; when they elected a councilman, we though, 'How much difference can one council man make?'; when they changed the laws, some said, 'well, the law was too liberal for our standards now;' and when they got a majority on the Supreme Court, 'Ahh, they're so old! They'll die soon and someone else will take their place.' For years, my sister, we just kept on living our own little lives, happy that someone else was willing to take the responsibility of running the country. We kept our noses in our own little affairs, never dreaming how much they were changing our country, our Consitution. Each day, we lost more of our civil rights and we didn't see it. Oh, one group would complain loudly and piteously over this change, another over that law, but after they won control of the news media, we never heard about the protestors again. Then, we began to think we were the only discontented ones, that everyone else was on the other side. It's awfully hard to stand up to those in power when you think you're all alone," Rasheeda stopped, looking around her searching each face before turning back to Heather.

"It seems that the Watchmen had the right idea all along, my friends. From the beginning, they were doing what we should have been doing ... 'keeping watch' over our rights."

END

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SAGE, LINDEN, CATNIP, CLOVE, SKULLCAP tea is a mild sedative that can be used whether you're nervous or occasionally have trouble getting to sleep. Mix these teas to your personal taste/aroma or use them separately. A little honey helps hold body moisture and overcome frequent trips to the bathroom.

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PEPPERMINT tea (hot), pinch of BASIL, GINGER, or BRUISED CLOVES is a helpful relief for nausea in summer due to heat or eating the wrong foods or too much. It is always best to eat light in the summer.

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SheTotem, quarterly women's magic newsletter. Sub: $8/yr. Checks payable: SheTotem. SheTotem, P.O.B. 27465, San Antonio, TX 78227-0465. Letters/articles/illustrations welcome.

SPIRIT WITHIN NEWS, A Prison Pagan Newsletter. CO/M.S.P. Pagan Group, Box A, Thomaston, ME, 04861

GANYMEDE
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Tayu Fellowship and Gay Spirituality

Touch the Earth
Let it ground your pain
So that you become as strong as the rock.
Feel the rain
Let it wash your fears into the rivers
To be at peace in the sea.
Feel the sacred wind
Purifying you with truth
Bringing knowledge to your heart.
Be the fire
Let it burn your anger
Transforming it into Love.

by Joan Walters

MORNING ROUND
by Lenore

The rooster crowed
And woke the Dawn;
Who, with sleepy eyes,
Yawned and released the sun;
Who, with tender rays of warmth,
Made dry the dew;
Who, with moist lips enveloped the earth
In cool solitude;
Before the rooster crowed
And woke the Dawn!

Upon my wakening--
when dreams die,
lies the soul of another.

We have blended--
a mood,
feelings, thoughts--
fears.
and as we concluded--
dreams are made to live by,
sleepers die a thousand deaths.

Miguel/85

Enchantress--

Enchantress, Enchantress, the White Horse appears;
Now you may dance with us, now you may sing--
The White Mare alleviates all of your fears,
As you light the Great Fires and pass through the Ring.

In the leaves of the oaks you now see our bright faces,
as you dip your cup in Her silvery Well;
and drink of the Life Death never erases,
nor darkness from man ever quell.

The sweet sound of pipes is calling,
is calling,
As you walk in the rays of the sun;
the mask of your spirit is falling,
is falling,
As your new Life is finally begun.

Run through the flowers, dance midst the trees!
Forget the dour, blinded dictates of morbid man--
For they know not the truth of Her seas,
Nor the crashing of waves of Her ultimate plan.

The Guardian no longer charges your stance,
For you've proven your worth by your thoughtful words,
He lowers the tip of Death's frozen lance,
To open the gates of ethereal worlds.

Knock at the dolmen, and pass through the door--
We await you inside with our love,
The Griffin of Fire will bar you no more;
For She speaks: 'as below, so it is above."

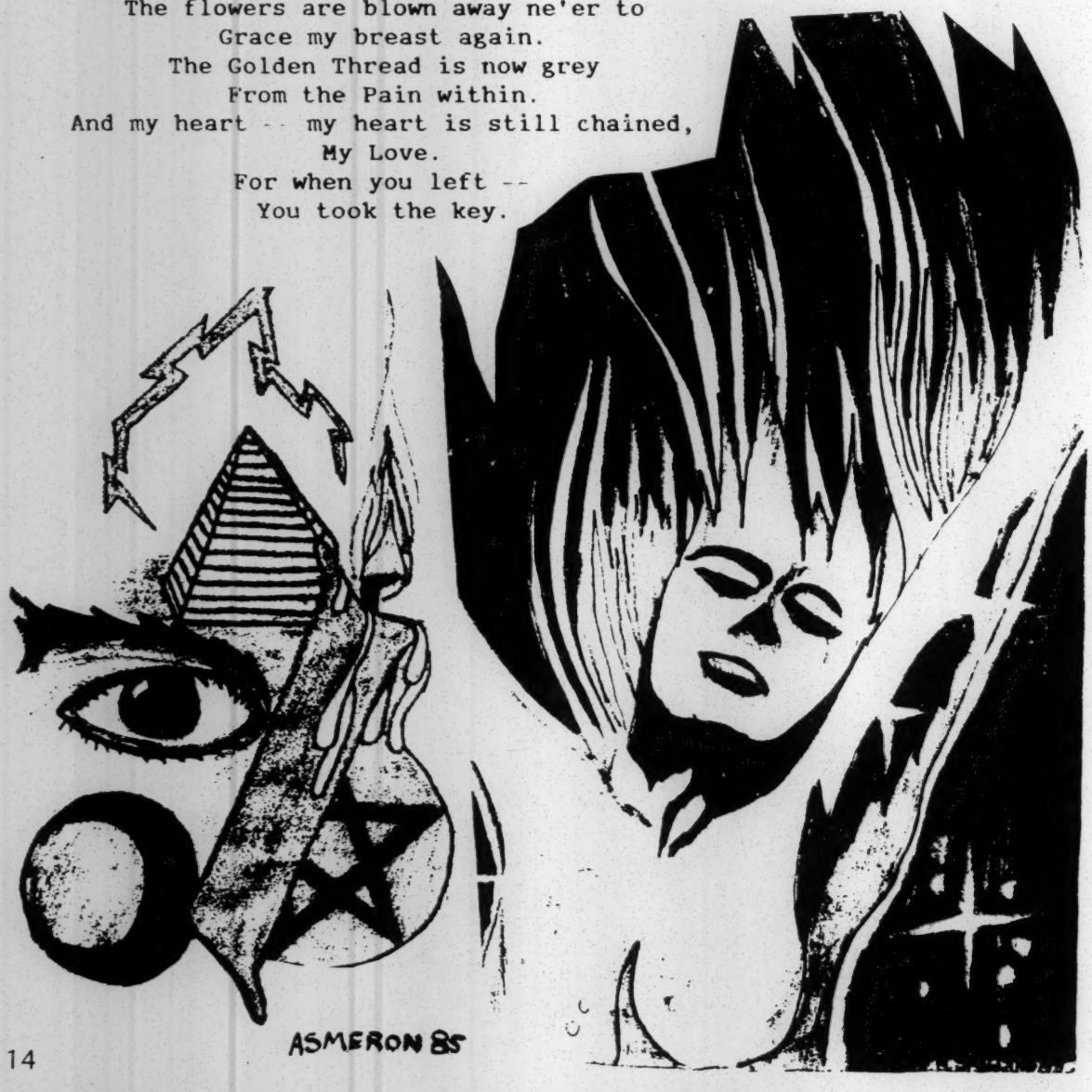
To material outlands, return if you must;
Though it saddens us whenever you depart--
But always remember: In Perfect Love and Perfect Trust,
Your well-won place in Her
light and laughing Heart.

Jonza
1985

To David

by Lenore

Remember those days long ago
When we walked the country paths?
You took the breezes from the sky,
And, with a word, flowers they made
for my breast.
And the many nights we lay wrapped
in the comfort of Her own bosom?
You took the stars from where they shone
And added them to my Crown.
And the rain - - Oh ... the rain.
You wove it like a web,
And encased my very soul.
And the sun - my love
You used as golden thread,
To complete my raiment of chains.
Oh David. If only these nights were then.
My Crown is dusty from many eons of woe.
The flowers are blown away ne'er to
Grace my breast again.
The Golden Thread is now grey
From the Pain within.
And my heart - - my heart is still chained,
My Love.
For when you left --
You took the key.



"QUESTION ME A QUESTION--ANSWER ME AN ANSWER"

SECRETS by Donna Lyon Rhose

QUESTION ME A QUESTION We all have secrets-- places in the soul that, once expressed to another, cause us to be vulnerable yet, shared at the proper time can cause great joy and bonding. Real secrets are deeply personal- experienced by self or with others- to expose them to the outside world may easily hurt us in some way. So, too, in the mysteries. The real secrets of the mysteries are experienced and realized by the individual(s) of a group- are personal- KEYS- to each other--in much the same way as lovers who know the secret keys of their lover's body, and/or spirit. That is why it is a secret- it is personal, it is a Key to one's own being.

Artificial Keys are those that are held up to another, telling them, "You can find this out when you're ready." Or, giving out half of a puzzle, telling them they'll be told the answer to the rest later. Secrets are not discussed, they are not carrots held up to another. Because, secrets are personal, your secret may become transformed to a new secret with a new individual.

A teacher is not really a teacher so much as one who has discovered some keys in themselves and is ready, if necessary, to make themselves vulnerable to their students as the Keys are discovered between them. Love and joy must be the discovery of these secrets or it can cripple our souls, it may even destroy them. IN PERFECT LOVE AND PERFECT TRUST...

ANSWER ME AN ANSWER--Artificial Keys, by Ariadiana

As a personality trait, dropping hints/using carrots is a one upmanship game used in Occult groups (Craft, Spiritualism, New Age, Magickal), as well as mundane world, to establish whatever personal power it is felt needed to validate self regardless of harm to others. It is not only a regrettable/unfortunate, but "sinful" (mistaken use of power) behavior trait. Often, converts (uneasy with new concepts and their ability to handle them or desiring to make themselves "SOMEONE") use hints (to other converts or "straights") at things they've only partially learned/internalized. While ignorance may be somewhat excused of those "Young on the Path", dropping hints, unless one really KNOWS what one is doing, is not only dangerous but no better than lying--Keeping the Silence is a discipline for more than one reason. We all have dropped hints to save face/ for personal validation/for revenge (it works well)/due to sloppy thinking--yet we all have been hurt (sometimes deeply/permanently) when others did it to us. Occult Teachers have the right to "drop keys"/"dangle carrots"/"keep secrets"/"speak like the oracle: 'when you're ready, you'll understand....'," in order to Test/Try students- but, only as a technique for teaching/reaching the secrets within the student/group.

An Initiatory device used in ancient Mystery Religions was "Secret": the initiatee went thru the First Part of initiation blindfolded on all levels: eyes on physical/lack of information (not lack of education) on metaphysical (psycho-spiritual). When the initiatee had accomplished all tasks (rebirth, sacrifice, whatever), he/she was "deblindfolded"- instructed in what had been undergone--Carrots, Keys, Secrets were revealed clearly/fully. True initiates never dangle carrots except for good reason. Denying information to those who have a psycho-spiritual right to it by withholding (implying): "I know, but you're too stupid to understand right now; maybe you will later," with no knowledge (except false ego/ungrounded idealism) to substantiate oneself, is exercising negative power over others--it is the way of tyranny and the mundane world--it is not the Way of Those Who Are Wise/Wield the Forces Behind the Form to co-create a better, more abundant, more whole life on all levels for All. It is not the Power--but how we use It... ...AND YE HARM NONE...?

Comments from readers on QUESTION ME A QUESTION--ANSWER ME AN ANSWER are invited.

SHADOWBOOK REVIEW

Journeys Beyond the Body (Part I) ($10)
Initiations, Transmutations & Immorality (Part II) ($11)
by Tony Van Dam. Published by PSI, Glastonbury, Somerset, England. (Both Books: $20: Soon to be available in U.S./Canada.)

Reviewed by: Takya

Journeys Beyond the Body, Part 1 of a two-manual set on Astral Projection, is the most comprehensive material written to date on the art. The reader is carefully taken step-by-step through numerous methods of projection (simple and advanced); given suggestions of what to do in the case of difficulties; shown examples of possible journeys/encounters. Questions are answered clearly for the beginner instead of causing frustration and creating more baffling questions. (The skill with which Tony Van Dam answers questions is amazing!) Many veteran practitioners are accustomed to helping beginners but providing clear answers can be a serious problem as human language, when describing a non-physical action/phenomenon, is somewhat inept. Van Dam is not the usual researcher glossing lightly over his material for a rather skeptical audience. Journeys Beyond the Body does not stop at covering the basics - it covers all aspects and delves into Arcane Wisdom and high Spirituality. This book is an invaluable tool for beginners - a joy for adepts. It is a testimony "that we are surrounded by an Infinite Cosmos which extends ItSelf far beyond our wildest dreams and flights of imagination- that a God/dess does exist and we are part of that Being."

SHADOWSONG REVIEW

by Ariadiana

REALMS OF ENCHANTMENT- Magical Music by the Silver Elves
60-min. Tape, (Silver Elf Productions)
by Aeona Terranon, Zardoa, and Okay

RAINBOW CRYSTAL

"When the Sun comes up in the Morning,
And it's Happy Rainbow time,
The Sun shines thru the Crystal,
And makes a rainbow just for you,
For you- A rainbow just for you."

(Words by Silver Flame--Song 1, Side A)

The Silver Elves create a rainbow of haunting lyrics in Realms of Enchantment. From the silver-greens of "Elves of the Ocean" to the golden pink of "Children of the Rainbow" to the twilight-blue of "Starlight is Calling You," their songs float like butterflies summoning us to dance, love, laugh, cry- to be. As the Spider spins Her Web, so do The Silver Elves catch us up in a shimmering Fairy-net of contrasts between silky smooth lyrics, Aeona's exquisitely tart voice, the voice of Zardoa passionate yet aloof. It's a special Rainbow of Tunes just for us...

THE CRONE'S BOOK OF WORDS by Valerie Worth
Llewellyn Publications, St. Paul, Minnesota, 55164-0383 $6.95

Reviewed by Gil Wyndel

Though I understand that this is a republication of this book, I have personally never read it before. On the surface when glancing at this book it appears simple- initially reminding me of those winsome, silly spell books I've run across from time-to-time. But when one sits down to actually partake of the works, a shift occurs. Much is said between the lines or is it a strong draw from my own subconscous I feel? If one takes time to visualize the movements and actions as one reads, the concepts and mental involvement become clear. Somehow a pull from my own well is reached and I can nearly feel the power dancing in my hands. It is a book that shows the power of poetry as it guides the mind toward one's own magickal power. Recommended as a book that could be used to gently open a student's power doors. Recommended for anyone as an aide to reach their own special place of magick.

WORDFIND: MAINLY WELSH

This wordfind is my thanks for all the wonderful wordfinds in the other magazines that I just "LOVE" to do! May this be a small encouragement for more, more, MORE! -- Gil Wyndel

Annwn	Apollo	Arthur	Arionrhod
Balin	Bard	Bran	Branwen
Danu	Diana	Don	Dyved
Gwydion	Gwyn	Hecate	Kai
Kiegva	Llyr	Manawyddan	Math
Mona	Morgana	Pict	Pluto
Pryderi	Pwyll	Rhiannon	Taliesin
Thomas	Welsh		

18 FIND DONNA ROSE IN THE TREE

M A T H T A M A S U D W A
B C A R I O N M Q A N R N
T O L B R I A N N M I K N
S L I T O E Y U L O T U W
E L E W H W R K N J D V N
H E S R G A J R Z K Q R S
E H I K W N H X K P I C T
C E N I Y O W A U Y A Z H
A C Y E D M I H E X L M O
T A B G I R W I B R I T A
E I A V O L L O P A K O N
L B R A N A S M O P S R D
V I D W C A O W Y I A V R
E B Y E M R Y W E W J A I
S C H O G V G K G H N X U
I K H A L L Y W P A B C S
F T N Y P L O N I B H E F
M A N A W Y D D A N A G J
H E A T H R W Y R A V E N
I T A C H E C V Y M O P N
B K I P R Y D E R I C Y E
A R T H U R V D H S L E W
L C A N N O S T T I M E N
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Let me encourage my readers, my friends (yes, even my own staff) to check out some of the fine folk Seasonal Silver exchanges with. Write to them, subscribe to them, send them stories, poems, art, etc. You may end up with some wonderful contacts and friends!

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As The Cauldron Bubbles

by Aridiana

Xandarza drew the magick circle around the small, though very ugly, toad, and began her incantation. "Zimagut, Amaserat, Zibbie, Gibbie, Zoo!

"Uh, if you don't mind," the toad said in his rough yet oddly pleasant voice, "could you just tell me what you're doing. You're about to scare me half to death."

"Why, I'm going to turn you into a handsome prince--there just aren't enough to go around, you know," answered Xandarza. "I didn't mean to scare you."

"If it's all the same to you, I'd rather remain a toad," said the toad hopping around the symbol of Venus.

"Oh, that's impossible! That's quite unheard of," Xandarza was taken aback, "nobody ever has wanted to remain a toad."

"Well, I do. If I become a handsome prince, there'll be a lot of responsibility heaped on me. I'll even have to marry a beautiful princess after slaying some dragons (and they're cousins you know) and fighting some knights. I'm really very peace-loving; and, truth is, just this side of lazy. Now, my cousin Myrrick might be real interested in becoming a handsome prince. Why don't you let me introduce you to him?"

"Well, I just don't know," Xandarza mused perplexedly, "I don't know if I'm allowed to change toads in mid-stream. This is very awkward."

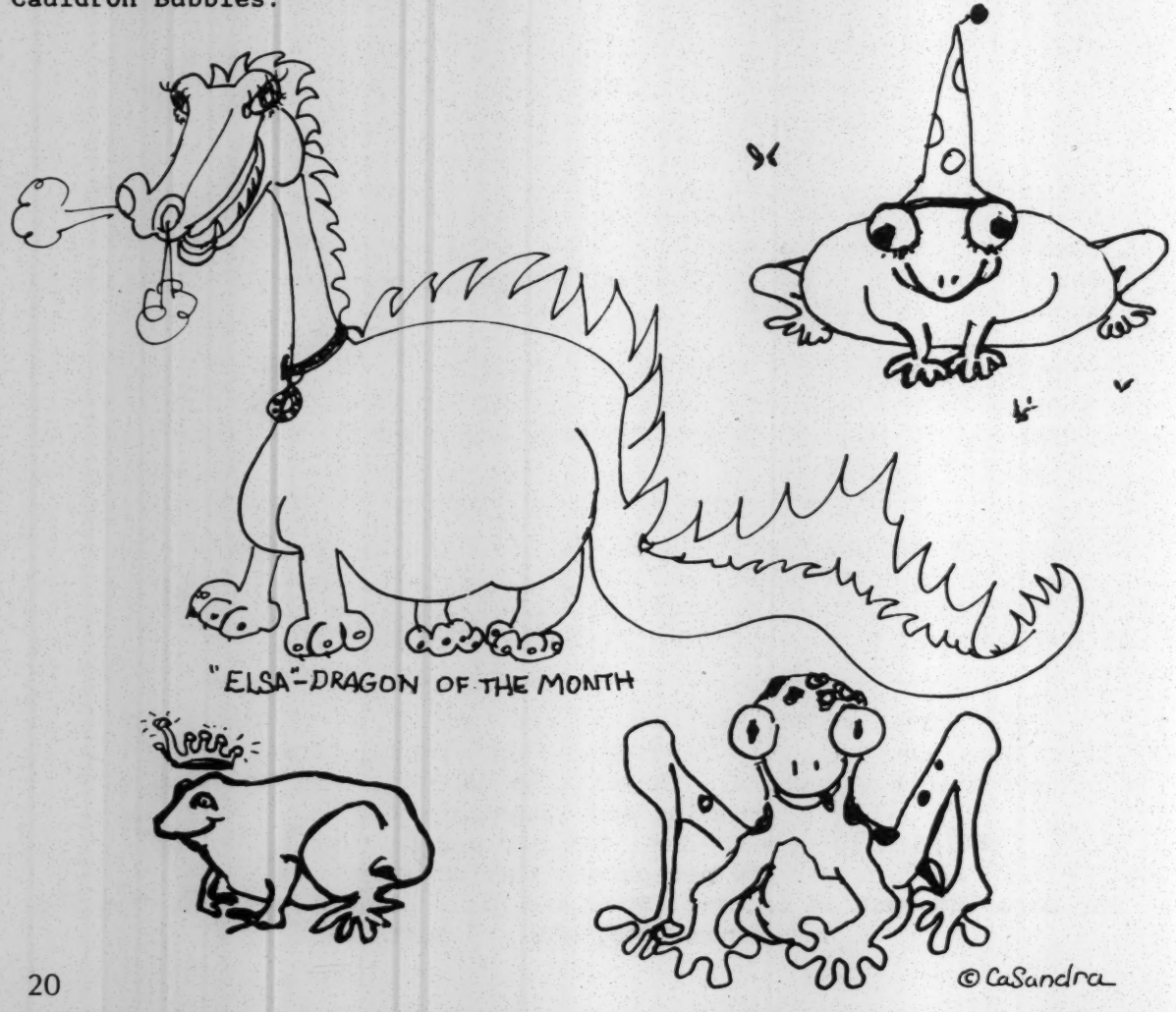
Will Xandarza be able to change toads in mid-stream?

Where have all the handsome princes gone anyway?

Will Myrrick decide to become a handsome prince?

What is Balboa up to?

Read the next issue to find out these answers or others, As the Cauldron Bubbles.



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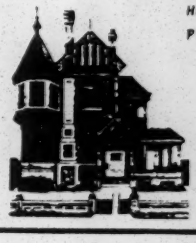

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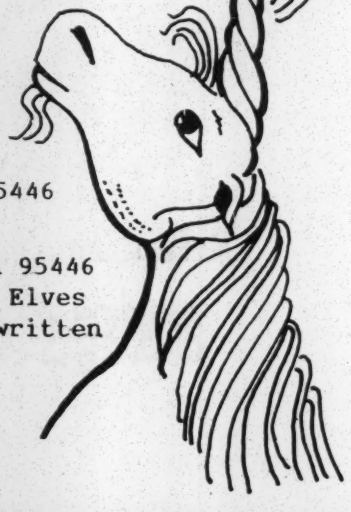

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